

## THE DAILY CLARION

My Friends—Can I Forget?

My friends, friends, can I forget,  
The most the grave eternal sever?  
They linger in my memory, yet  
And in my heart they live forever.  
They loved me once with love sincere,  
And never did their love deceive me.  
But often in my conflicts here,  
They rallied quickly to relieve me.  
I heard them bid the world adieu,  
I saw them on the rolling billows,  
Their far off home appeared in view,  
While yet they pressed their dying pillow.  
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,  
While crossing Jordan's stormy river,  
Adieu to earth, for all is well—  
Now all is well with me forever.  
I can't weep, but what of tears—  
No tears of mine could ever recall them;  
No would I wish that grieving care,  
Care like mine could ever recall them.  
They rest in realms of light and love;  
They dwell upon the mount of glory;  
They look in beams of bliss above;  
And shout to tell the pleasing story.  
Oh, how I long to join your wing,  
And range your fields of blooming flowers;  
To look and watch and hear and bring  
A mourner to your blissful bowers.  
I'd spend with rapture on my way;  
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;  
With songs I'd enter endless day,  
And live with my loved friends forever.

## THE DYING MISER.

They brought him a dollar.  
He took it and clutched it in his  
long skinny fingers, tried its sound  
against the bed post, and then gazed  
on it long and intently with his dull,  
leadens eye.  
That day, in the hurry of business,  
death had struck him, even in the  
street. He was hurrying to collect  
the last month's rent, and was on the  
verge of the miserable court, where  
his tenants herded like beasts in their  
kennels; he was there with the hand-  
book in his hand, when death laid his  
hand upon him.  
He was carried home to his splendid  
mansion. He was laid upon a bed  
with a satin coverlet. The lawyer,  
and the preacher were sent for. All  
day long he lay without speech, mov-  
ing only his right hand, as though in  
the act of counting money.  
At midnight he spoke.  
He asked for a dollar, and they  
brought one to him, and lean and gaunt,  
he sat up in his bed, and clutched it  
with the grip of death.  
A shaded lamp stood on the table  
near his silken bed. Its light fell  
faintly around the splendid room,  
where chairs, and carpets, and mirrors,  
silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said,  
Gold! as plain as human lips can say  
it.  
His hair and eyebrows were white,  
his cheeks sunken, and his lips thin  
and surrounded by wrinkles that in-  
dicate Avarice. As he sat up in the  
bed with his neck bared, and the silken  
coverlet wrapped about his lean frame,  
his white eyebrows contrasted with his  
wasted and wrinkled face, he looked  
like a ghost. And there his life was  
centered in the dollar which he gripped  
in his clenched fist.  
His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly  
woman, was seated at the foot of the  
bed. His son, a young man of twenty-  
one dressed in the last touch of  
fashion, sat by the lawyer. The law-  
yer sat by the table, pen in hand, and  
gold spectacles on his nose. There was  
a huge parchment spread before him.  
"Do you think he'll make a will?"  
asked the son.  
"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the  
whispered reply. "Wait. He'll  
be lucid after a while."  
"My dear," said the wife, "had I not  
better send for a preacher?"  
She rose and took her dying hus-  
band by the hand but he did not mind.  
His eye was upon the dollar.  
He was a rich man. He owned  
palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets,  
and hovels and courts in the outskirts.  
He had iron mines in this state; copper  
mines on the lake somewhere; he had  
golden interests in California. His  
name was bright upon the records of  
twenty banks; he owned stock of all  
kinds; he had half a dozen papers in  
his pay.  
He knew but one virtue, to get  
money.  
That crime he had never forgiven,  
this virtue he had never forgotten, in  
the long way of thirty-five years.  
To hunt down a debtor, to distress a  
tenant, to turn a few additional thou-  
sands by a sharp speculation, those were  
the main achievements of his life.  
He was a good man; his name was  
upon the silver plate upon the pew  
door of a velvet-cushioned church.  
He was a benevolent man; for every  
thousand dollars which he wrung from  
the tenants of his courts, or from the  
debtors who writhed beneath his heels,  
he gave ten dollars to some benevolent  
institution.  
He was a just man; the gallows and  
the jail always found him a faithful  
and unserving advocate.  
And now he is a dying man; seel  
as he sits upon the bed of death, with  
the dollar in his clenched hand.  
Oh, holy dollar, object of his life-  
long pursuit, what comfort hast thou  
for him now in his pain or death?  
As length the dying man revived  
and dictated his will. It was strange  
to the mother, and son, and law-  
yer, besides the bed of death. All  
the while the testator clutched the  
dollar in his right hand.  
While the will was being made, the  
preacher came; even he who held the  
pastoral charge of the great church,  
whose pew doors bore saintly names  
on silver plates, and whose seats on  
Sabbath day groaned beneath the  
weight of respectability, broadcloth  
and satin.  
He came and said his prayers, de-  
corously and in measured words, but  
never once did the dying man relax  
his hold of the dollar.  
"Can't you see I'm going?" at  
length said the rich man, turning a  
frightened look toward the preacher.  
The preacher, whose cravat was of

the whitest, took a golden clasp, from  
a marble table.

And he read:

"And I say unto you, it is easier  
for a camel to go through the eye of a  
needle, than for a rich man to enter  
into the kingdom of God."  
"Who said the dying man, shaking  
the hand which clenched the dollar at  
the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the  
leaf and did not reply.  
"Why did you never tell me of this  
before! Why did you never preach  
from it as I sat in your church? Why,  
why?"

The preacher did not reply, but  
turned over another leaf. But the  
dying man would not be quieted.

"And it is easier for a camel to go  
through the eye of a needle than for a  
rich man to enter the kingdom of  
God, is it? Then what's to become of  
me? Am I not rich? What tempt did I  
ever spare! what debtor did I ever  
release? And you stood up Sunday  
after Sunday and you preached to us,  
and never said one word about the  
camel."

The preacher, in search of a consol-  
ing passage, turned rapidly over the  
leaves, and in his confusion came to this  
passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and  
howl for your miseries that shall come  
upon you. Your gold and silver is  
cankered, and the rust of them shall be  
a witness against, and shall eat  
your flesh as it were fire; you have  
heaped treasure together for the last  
days. Behold, the hire of the labor-  
er who have reaped down your fields,  
which is of you kept back by fraud,  
crieth, and the cries of them which  
have reaped are entered into the ears  
of the Lord of Sabbath!"

"And yet you never preached that to  
me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered  
through the passage from James which  
we have quoted, knew not what to  
say. He was perceptive, terrified by  
the very dying look of his dying pa-  
risonier. Then the wife drew near  
and strove to comfort him, and the son  
(who had been reading the will) at-  
tempted a word or two of consolation.

And with the dollar in his hand he  
sank into death, talking of stock,  
of rent, of copper mines and camels,  
of tenant and of debtor, until the breath  
left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose  
and asked the lawyer whether the  
deceased had left anything to such and  
such a charitable society which had  
been engrained upon the preacher's  
church.

And his wife closed his eyes and  
tried to wrench the dollar from his  
hand, but in vain. He clenched it as  
though it were the only saviour to  
light him through the darkness of  
eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes,  
and thought of the hundreds of thou-  
sands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse fol-  
lowed by a train of carriages nearly a  
mile in length. There was a crowd  
around an open grave, and an elegant  
sermon upon the virtues of the deceased  
by the preacher.

There was a fluttering of crapo  
badges, and wailing of carriages, and  
—no tears. They left the dead man  
and returned to the palace, where sor-  
row died even as the crape was taken  
from the door-knob.

And in the grave the dead man still  
clenched the dollar.—[Irish Evangelist.]

## CIRCULAR SAWS

WITH

EMERSON'S PATENT MOVABLE TEETH

These saws are now in use in every State  
in the Union. More than one thousand  
saws of 8 inches to 72 inches in diameter,  
are in operation sawing timber of all kinds,  
and cutting in some instances, 30,000 feet of inch  
lumber per day.

ALSO,

EMERSON'S PATENT CROSS

CUT SAWS.

WITH DETACHABLE HANDLES.

Emerson's Patent Adjustable

Sawage.

for Spreading, Sharpening and Shaping the

teeth. Price \$5.

Manufactured by

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY.

Office No. 2 Jacob street, New York.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Price

List.

## GENERAL LABOR AGENTS.

W. M. McKEEVER HAS JUST RETURNED

from the city with 300 German and 100

Coolie Laborers of both sexes, which he will

furnish to Planters, and others in need of their

services, on board any Steamboat, or at the

Railroad Depot, at \$20 each. They will work

for \$15 per month, rations and quarters.

Those in need of Freedmen's labor can have

their wants supplied.

Old friends and acquaintances in Hinds,

Adams, Rankin, Warren, Copiah, Claiborne

and Adams counties will do well to call on

him when they come to the city, or address

him at his office, 31 Gravier street, New Or-

leans.

nov19d4w.

E. MURRELL,

Manufacturer of

TIN, SHEET IRON &amp; COPPER WARE

And Dealer in

STOVES AND CASTINGS

Of every Description.

Cutting, Piping and Roofing, done at short

notice.

Constantly on hand a supply of E. Murrell's

copper ware.

## LOUISVILLE.

RELIEF TO ALL AFFLICTED!!!

EDWARD WILDER'S

FOUR GREAT

HEALTH RESTORING

REMEDIES.

EDWARD WILDER'S

FAMOUS

Stomach Bitters.

Will cure DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,

and all species of INDIGESTION, INTERMITTENT

FEBRILE, CHILLS, FEVER, and AGUE, and all PERIODICAL DISEASES.

It will give immediate relief in Cholera and

Flux.

It will cure Constipation.

It is a mild and delightful Invigorant for

delicate Females.

It is a safe Anti-Bilious Alternative and Tonic

for all Family purposes.

It is a powerful recuperant after the frame

has been debilitated or reduced by sickness.

It is an excellent Appetizer as well as

strengthening of the digestive force.

It is desirable alike as a Corrective and a

mild Cathartic.

The body of all similar preparations is com-

mon raw Whisky or Alcohol, which con-

tains a large amount of Fusil Oil and other

dissolving substances, whilst the body of Ed-

ward Wilder's Stomach Bitters is pure Old

Bourbon or Copper distilled Whisky—the best

and purest Whisky known or produced. This

fact at once recommends and places these

Bitters at the head of all other similar prepa-

rations for all the diseases for which they are

recommended, as is testified by numerous cer-

tificates from the ablest Medical men and from

the Ministry.

## EDWARD WILDER'S

SARSAPARILLA AND POTASH.

An unfailing and rapid cure for SCROFULA

in all its forms, every known variety of Con-

stitutional SYPHILIS or VENEREAL DIS-

EASE, NEURALGIA, SKIN DISEASES, such as

Eczema, Bores, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism,

Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Glandular Swell-

ings of the Neck or elsewhere, Chronic Chills

and Fever, Tetters, Weeping Sores, Ulcers

of every kind, Pimples on the Face, Ring-

worm, Scald-Head, Falling of the Hair or Al-

opexia, White Swelling, Hip Joint Disease or

Morbus Coxarius, Chronic Erysipelas, Dropsy,

Acne-Cake, etc.

For the rapid and permanent cure of the

above Diseases, this preparation stands un-

rivalled. A CURE IS GUARANTEED IN EVERY

CASE where it is used according to directions.

## EDWARD WILDER'S

COMPOUND EXTRACT

OF

WILD CHERRY.

This preparation is specially recommended

as affording a certain and prompt relief for

COUGHS, COLDS and CATARRHS of every

description. In Bronchitis, Laryngitis and

Asthma or Phthisis it gives immediate comfort

and relief. It is also admirably adapted to the

relief of the cough and difficulty of breathing

in Consumption. It is also indispensable in

Pneumonia or Winter Fever, Pleurisy, and

every conceivable form of Pulmonary Disease

attended with cough, difficulty of breathing,

or pains. For taste, efficiency and power this

medicine has no equal, and when used in any

of the above diseases has never been known to

fail to give almost instant relief, followed by

certain and permanent cure.

## EDWARD WILDER'S

FAMILY PILLS,

For the cure of Constipated and Sluggish Bow-

els. In these conditions of the alimentary

canal they are GUARANTEED to be perfectly in-

fallible. As a Purgative in all Fevers and In-

flammatory diseases, in Acute Rheumatism,

Inflammation of the Liver, Brain, Kidneys, Blad-

der, in Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, Acute

Ophthalmia or Sore Eyes, Fullness of the

Head, Vertigo, Dizziness, Blindness, etc., they

cannot be excelled. These Pills will be found

on trial to be far superior to any known other

combination of medicines in the rapid and cer-

tain cure of all the above diseases. They

should be taken with EDWARD WILDER'S

SARSAPARILLA AND POTASH in the diseases in

which that remedy is recommended; and with

Edward Wilder's Compound Extract of Wild

Cherry in Coughs, Colds, etc.; and with Ed-

ward Wilder's Stomach Bitters for Chills and

Fever and Fever and Ague.

REMEMBER

That these Remedies have all been tested in

the Family circle by Chemical analysis, and at

the Dispensaries throughout the country, for

each and every Disease for which they are re-

commended, and that in no single case has any

of them ever been known to fail in giving in-

stant relief followed by certain and perman-

ent cure. Their medicinal virtue and power

attested alike by the Family's Famous Stom-

ach Bitters, "Edward Wilder's Compound

Extract of Wild Cherry," "Edward Wilder's

Family Pills," and have none other, as all

others are secret remedies whilst the formulas,

of Edward Wilder's Medicines will be shown

to any regular druggist or chemist. Use them

according to directions, and a cure is guaran-

teed.

EDWARD WILDER,

SOLE PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD WILDER &amp; CO.,

Whole sale Druggists,

215 Main St., (Marble Front.)

LOUISVILLE, KY

BARNES, WARD &amp; CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS SOUTH,

No. 24 Magazine St.,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

For sale by STOVALL &amp; CO., and Dr. G.

W. VASSER, Carrollton, Miss.; DUNCAN

BYARS, Decatur, Ga.; HARRISON &amp; CO., Val-

den; J. S. WOOD &amp; SON, Valden; MURRELL

&amp; CO., Winona.

A Sprud-dawly.

## LOUISVILLE.

MEDICAL.

NOTIC TO MOTHERS!

DR. SEABROOK'S

Infant Soothing Syrup!

WE HAVE, by purchase of the original

recipe, become sole proprietors of this

Celebrated Medicine. We ask you to give it a

trial, with an assurance that you will in future

discard all those nauseous and destructive

drugs, such as Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's

Cordial, Dewee's Mixture, &amp;c., combinations of

a past and anti-progressive age, when it was

thought that the more disgusting the mixture

the better the medicine.

Use in the future only SEABROOK'S, a com-

bination quite up with the advancement of the

age. Pleasant to take, harmless in its action,

efficient and reliable in all cases. Invaluable

in the following diseases:

Summer Complaint, Irregularities of

the Bowels, Restlessness, Teething, &amp;c.

Gives health to the child and rest to the mo-

ther.

We could furnish any quantity of certificates

bearing evidence of its superior qualities, but

space does not permit of their insertion on its

own merits, which it will do upon trial.

## JAMES RUDDELL &amp; CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

Laboratory, 41 Bullitt Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Purify Your Blood!

HURLEY'S SARSAPARILLA.

OF all the remedies that have been discov-

ered during the present age for the "thousand

ills that flesh is heir to," none equal this won-

derful preparation. Only ten years have

elapsed since the discovery (who spent a de-

cade in studying experiments, and perfecting

it) first introduced it to the public, and it is al-

ready recognized by the most eminent physi-

cians in all parts of the country, to be the most

surprising and effective remedy for certain dis-

eases of which they have knowledge.

All other compounds of this kind, which

have hitherto failed to command the sanction

of the faculty, because on being tested, they

have been found to contain noxious ingredi-

ents, which neutralize the good effects of the

Sarsaparilla, and sometimes injure the health

of the patient. It is not so with Hurley's pre-

paration. This is the pure and genuine extract of

the root, and will, on trial, be found to effect a

certain and perfect cure of the following com-

plaints and diseases:

Affectations of the Bones, Habitual Cos-

tiveness, Debility, Diseases of the Kid-

neys, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Fe-